How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?
If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,
What dar'ſt thou not when once thou art a King?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From vaſſall actors can be wipt away,
Then Kings miſdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

This deede will make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happie Monarchs ſtill are feard for loue:
With fowle offendors thou perforce muſt beare,
When they in thee the like offences proue;
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.
For Princes are the glaſſe, the ſchoole, the booke,
Where ſubiects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the ſchoole where luſt ſhall learne?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſſe wherein it ſhall diſcerne
Authoritie for ſinne, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge diſhonor in thy name.
Thou back'ſt reproch againſt long-liuing lawd,
And mak'ſt faire reputation but a bawd.

Haſt

Haſt thou commaund? by him that ga
From a pure heart commaund thy re
Draw not thy ſword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that broode to k
Thy Princelie office how-canſt thou fulf
When patternd by thy fault fowle
He learnd to ſin, and thou didſt teac

Thinke but how vile a ſpectacle it were
To view thy preſent treſpaſſe in anothe
Mens faults do ſeldome to themſelues
Their own tranſgreſſions partiallie the
This guilt would ſeem death-worthie i
O how are they wrapt in with infami
That frō their own miſdeeds askaun

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands a
Not to ſeducing luſt thy raſh relier:
I ſue for exil'd maieſties repeale,
Let him returne, and flattring thoughts
His true reſpect will priſon falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy dot
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pit